

## A Role Reversed

by PCTurtL

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-06-28 10:57:33

Updated: 2014-06-28 10:57:33

Packaged: 2016-04-26 19:27:54

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,465

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: AU Where Toothless is the promising son of the village chief and Hiccup is a tiny dragon determined to be useful despite his size. As these two meet, their encounter will change the fate of human and dragonkind alike.

## A Role Reversed

There was activity around the village as Berk faced its latest dragon raid. Large Vikings came out armed and ready to fight the winged menaces. Among them was a dark haired boy of fifteen years. Despite his youth, Toothless had already earned a spot in the battle and was currently running to his post at the catapults. His aim was legendary among the villagers, when he had a dragon in sights he would never hesitate, never falter and never miss.

He supposed he was living up to his expectations as the chief's son. Bewilder the Beastly (though Toothless liked to call him 'the Frosty' due to his icy nature) was a man that commanded respect, and nothing but perfection would be accepted from the son of such an esteemed warrior. So far Toothless met every challenge thrown his way, exceeding at every task they placed him in. He was the pride of the village.

As he readied the device to aim at a Nadder in the distance, he started wondering whether or not he should miss, just this once. He told himself this urge came from the fact that if he was too good at manning the catapults, he might get stuck launching rocks at dragons forever, never being able to fight the beasts up close like his dad. He knew this wasn't the case however. In truth he wanted some of the pressure off his back. If he missed then maybe the whispers of him being the 'offspring of lightning and death itself' would stop, maybe he could have a break from always being the perfect son, maybe he'd even be given the space to work on some of the old projects he had to abandon ever since taking on this job.

The Nadder went down with a well aimed shot. He caught a glimpse of the other kids running past on fire patrol as he readied the

catapult. Despite his 'popularity' around the village, he'd been too much of a loner to make friends. At times he envied them and their relatively carefree lives. It wasn't a secret that fire patrol was a fairly useless position as dragons did more damage with their flames than a few kids with buckets could possibly hope to handle. It was more to get aspiring warriors used to the battlefield than anything else, and he should be grateful to land a job like he had.

But stillâ€¦|

There were moments where he'd like nothing more than to run around with friends, blissfully ignorant. He'd even fantasize about being stuck in the forge with Meetlug every once in a while. But, as he struck down another dragon, he supposed this was his lot in life and it wasn't as if he was particularly displeased about it. Maybe things would change once dragon training began.

It was then that a massive red dragon appeared in the sky. It was the first time he'd shown up since Toothless had begun manning the catapult. It was a Vast Vengeance, a particularly large and dangerous dragon that had been plaguing their village for years. Luckily, it was the only one of its kind in the herds that pillaged the town. Unluckily, one was more than enough. Often times it stayed in the skies, directing the onslaught from afar, too far out of reach for anyone to attack. This was devastating in its own rights, but when that massive beast entered the fight itself was when problems really started. On its own that dragon had taken out many of the island's best warriors. The only one who had managed to even be a match for the beast was the chief, and even he failed to put the creature down. No one could kill the thing.

Which was why Toothless would be the one to do it. He readied his weapon. From here he could get a good shot of the dragon's wings. It wouldn't die from the blow, but it would weaken the creature enough so that he or another villager could land the killing strike. The target was lining up as expected. One pull of a trigger would be all it took. Just as he was ready to strike, however, he was knocked off the cliff by a net fired by one of the village's devices. When he managed to turn himself to see who responsible for the misfire, all he saw was a tiny dragon at the machine.

Toothless hit the water and everything went black for the teen.

\* \* \*

><p>His sire had told him to stay off the island. They would bring in more than enough food for the queen, so there was no need for a tiny thing like him to risk himself. Still, he had never been great at listening to instructions.<p>

He was small enough to avoid detection. When hulking creatures were attacking, there was no way anyone would pay attention to a runt like him, especially as he never caused enough damage to merit it. He enjoyed running around on the battlefield, the many devices of the humans triggering his curiosity. He had even figured out how some of them worked from watching the strange creatures operate them. Most of them only required a slight tug to cause a great deal of damage.

The tiny dragon wondered if he were a human, whether or not the machines would be enough to make him useful. He was much weaker than

the other dragons and as such was never able to contribute at all to appeasing the queen (though he questioned why they felt a need to work for that cranky behemoth anyways). He could tell his sire was unhappy with his size.

His father was large and imposing, able to take on herds of Vikings at a time. There was a rumor that even as a hatchling, the red dragon was able to take down a full grown human with his tail. Small and green, if it weren't for the fact that they shared a cavern in the nest (and how he was clearly the same species, if only a bit scaled down) the dragon would question their relation at all.

He watched as the black haired teen took down yet another target. The boy was good at what he did from what the dragon could see. Good enough that his sire had flown down to make up for the loss in numbers. The tiny dragon watched as their field leader took his place in the battle. Just the sight of him had grown men fleeing, something the runt knew would never occur because of him.

He turned his attention back to the boy. It seemed as if he was lining up for another shotâ€¦ right at his sire. This caused the small dragon a great deal of distress. Though he did not doubt the strength of their leader, he had seen too many of their kind fall at the hands of this teen. But there was no way, with his size being what it was, that he'd be a match for the human.

This was when his eyes fell on the unmanned net-launcher. He had seen the man at the device leave his post to deal with a Gronkle attacking a nearby field. He wasn't confident he could do it, but for the sake of his leader he would have to try. The dragon ran as fast as he could to the device. Getting the thing to point at his target was difficult, but he managed to do so before the boy could attack. The dragon then pulled the trigger and the net launched right at its intended target.

The small creature could only celebrate his victory for a brief moment though, before suddenly realizing what he had done. The human fell off the cliffâ€¦ it would be unable to swim tied up as it was. If he didn't do something now he would be the cause of that death. Any other dragon would have left the boy to drown.

He flew down after him.

\* \* \*

><p>[Author's notes]<p>

Got inspired by a picture I saw to write this. A bit of a warning though, I have an incredibly short attention span when it comes to writing so I wouldn't expect much out of me. This will loosely follow the events of the first movie and I have ideas on how to match it with the second (though again don't misplace your hope in me, I'll most likely fail to deliver). Hope you all enjoyed, and any ideas on how to continue would be appreciated, I have an idea how it ends but the middle is sagging.

End  
file.